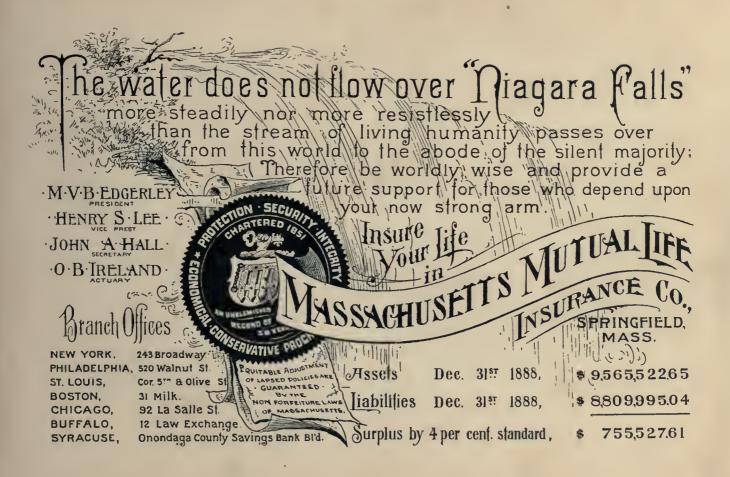
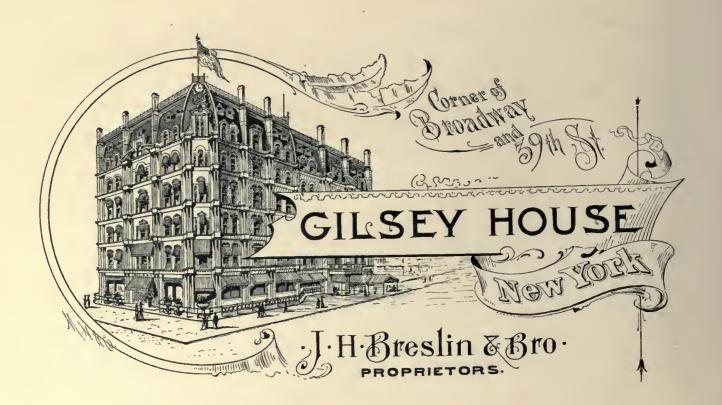
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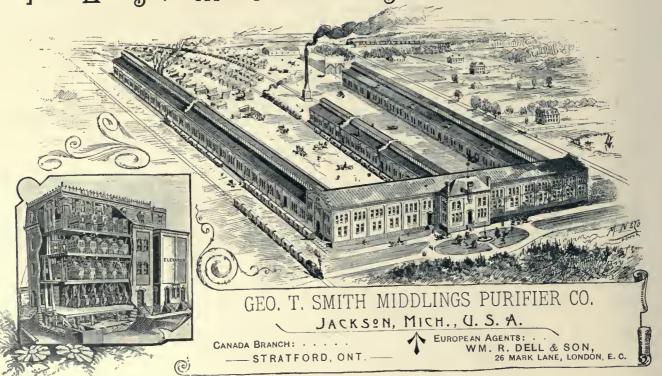








The Largest Mill Furnishing House in the World.



How to See

NIAGARA.

"Come with me,
And I'll your guide and mentor be,
For I the points of vantage know,
The mazes of the woodland glades,
And many a secret Mother Nature keeps
Only for those whose love for her ne'er sleeps."



NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE CANADA SIDE AT FALLS VIEW.

HOW TO SEE NIAGARA.

N THIS centennial year of the great American Republic the highways of Europe are crowded by American travelers who would fain see Paris while in the flesh rather than take their chances after death. More than any other people, they are a nation of travelers, and, with the prevailing high order of education and intelligence, have probably a better general knowledge than any other of their own country. Yet it is suspected that if the customs officers at Liverpool, Southampton, Bremen, and Havre were to interrogate each as he stepped from the gangway upon foreign soil a surprisingly large number would be found who had never seen the Golden Gate, the Yellowstone Park, the Cañon of the Colorado, the fairy isle of Mackinac, or that crowning glory of their native land, the Falls of Niagara.

Is it that case of access diminishes curiosity? Distance and danger have always possessed mysterious attractions to the Anglo-Saxon race, that has never hesitated to brave hardship and peril in exploring unknown regions, while often neglecting scenes of beauty and grandeur

nearer home. Certain it is that the foreign traveler to America has always Niagara for his chief objective point, and it is in foreign books of travel that we find the best descriptions of the great cataract. From the time when the Jesuit Father Hennepin first gazed with astonished eyes upon the stupendous wonder, after a toilsome journey of many weeks through the wilderness, to that lovely fall day when the French Bartholdi delegation was carried there from New York, in but eleven hours, in the luxurious ease of a palace car and in the society of that prince of raconteurs, Mr. Depew, an annual procession, from every quarter of the globe, have sought this Mecca of all lovers of Nature.

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So rapid has been the westward movement of our population, that Chicago, with its more than a million inhabitants, has become practically the center of the Republic, to which converge a greater number of rail lines than enter any other American city. In pointing out, therefore, "How to see Niagara," we may properly make "The Garden City" our starting point. In this great western country all roads lead to Chicago, as, twenty centuries ago, all roads led to Rome. But from Chicago eastward there is but one road to be considered, for there is but one whose double lines of steel lead directly to Niagara. The sapient geographical student who remarked the curious fact that large rivers always ran by large towns would have been no less forcibly struck by the circumstance that the waters of the Great Lakes should have found their outlet over the great precipice directly by and below the track of a great east and west trunk-line of railway, from which its passengers might see the wonders of the great cataract *en route*.



ON THE WAY TO NIAGARA. THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL VESTIBULED LIMITED.

Therefore, from its depot at the foot of Lake Street, where the lake breezes temper the summer heat, we take one of the finely-appointed express trains of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." Of few cities is the railway aspect so agreeable as that of Chicago from this line. For miles on the one side ripple or roll or dash in combing waves the waters of the gray-blue lake. On the other, stretches grassy parks with shady nooks and bright parterres of flowers, rich tasteful residences and suburban villas embowered in such luxuriance of foliage as no other great city knows,—and then the prairie, rounding the Lake of Calumet with the furnaces of South Chicago belching black smoke from their tall chimneys in the distance.

From between the sand dunes of Michigan City, and again at New Buffalo, we catch picturesque glimpses of Lake Michigan and then strike into the rich and populous region of Southern Michigan to cross the base of the great peninsula to Detroit. To the observant traveler this is a charming ride by day-light. The rolling country, with its silvery lakes and cool, clear streams, its fields of waving grain and luxuriant pasture lands, varied by occasional forests, by neat villages and prosperous-looking well-built cities, forms an attractive panorama through the clear plate-glass of the car-windows, and even with the most careless traveler divides interest with the latest novel. Nearly all this region is famous for its yield of wheat and the fine quality of flour that it produces; in its pastures graze flocks of sheep and herds of graded cattle and blooded horses with pedigrees of royal length; and its towns and villages are alive with a great variety of manufacturing industries.



MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION AT KALAMAZOO.

Nor will the eye fail to remark the evidences of material prosperity and of educated culture, taste and refinement in the numerous examples of the best forms of modern architecture in both private and public buildings.

Those that strike the traveler most forcibly, however, are the new railroad stations. This is not only because their necessary proximity to the railroad track forces them upon public notice, but because of their manifest beauty and appropriateness, their admirable construction, and convenient arrangement for the purposes of their use that make them models of railroad architecture. The solid, gray lime-stone of Ann Arbor, with its Renaissance towers and turret, the severely plain brick tower and broad eaves of Battle Creek, the stone-trimmed brick-work of Kalamazoo, and the rustic boulder rock-work of Grass Lake, diverse as they are in style and material, are all thoroughly harmonious, and suggest the comfort, the convenience and even the cosy prettiness to be found in the internal arrangement, furnishing and decorations.

Detroit is not only a city of active enterprise and business prosperity, but a city with a dramatic and picturesque history of two centuries, illustrated by the marble statues of her earlier heroes on the façades of her City Hall and the fine granite and bronze monument opposite to those of a later generation. Entering the magnificent depot of the Michigan Central, into which come also other trains and through cars from all quarters of the compass, and whose massive yet graceful tower at the foot of Jefferson Avenue is one of the features of the city, the train is run down on board of a powerful steel transfer boat and quickly



MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION AT BATTLE CREEK.

ferried across the broad river or strait. The brief passage over the majestic stream, is, in summer at least, a delightful incident of the journey. From the hurricane deck of the great steamer a beautiful view is obtained of the miles of busy water-front of the city, and of the broad bosom of the stream covered with craft of every description. Far above is the lovely wooded park of Belle Isle, and below are the ramparts of old Fort Wayne and the towers and domes of the immense Exposition buildings.

Reaching the Canada shore the train is soon under way again and makes fast time indeed through Her Majesty's Dominion. Passing St. Thomas, the railroad centre of lower Ontario, and Welland on the famous ship canal, we soon reach the Niagara River, and a moment later, as the trainmen announce "FALLS VIEW," the great cataract bursts suddenly upon our expectant vision. The train stops and every passenger hastens to the verge of the embankment, a hundred feet above the river, to enjoy for every second of the allotted five minutes, the wonderful scene of beauty and grandeur before him. The point of view is directly above the Horse-shoe Falls, and the eye takes in the entire extent of the Horse-shoe or Canadian and the American Falls, with the wood-crowned Goat Island between, the raging, white-capped rapids and the lesser islands above, and the boiling cauldron below, with the column of snowy spray rising from the abyss and dissolving in the sky above. Beyond is the American shore on which the larger buildings of the town of Niagara Falls may be discerned back of the trees of Prospect Park, while far up to the right stretches the broad expanse of lake-like river. From no other point is so comprehensive a view obtainable, and it is well that the trav-



MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION AT ANN ARBOR.

eler should first see Niagara here, as he gains thereby the best idea of its topography. Leaving Falls View, the train passes over a deep-cut road through which one catches a lovely glimpse, as of a framed picture, of the snowy gothic tracery of the American Falls; and a moment later the station of Niagara Falls, Ontario, is reached. A mile and a half farther down the river is crossed on the famous Cantilever Bridge, two hundred and fifty feet above "the angriest bit of water in the world," and a great triumph of engineering skill and daring. From the bridge, which is undoubtedly one of the strongest and safest structures in the world, one has a fine view of the Falls, the Rapids, and the rocky walls between which the surging waters flow, while below are seen the Suspension Bridge and the Whirlpool Rapids.

From Suspension Bridge station at the eastern end of the Cantilever Bridge to Niagara Falls, N. Y., the train often runs so near the edge that one may look down upon the madly turbulent waters far below and get fleeting glimpses of the bridge he has just crossed, the Falls, and the foaming rock-walled amphitheatre into which they pour. At the latter station is the town, most of the hotels, the museum, the shops, the photographers, and here most travelers stop.

Trollope thought that it mattered very little, or not at all, from what point the Falls was first seen. "Let the visitor see it all," he said, "and learn the whereabouts of every point, so as to understand his own position and that of the waters; and then, having done that in the way of business, let him proceed to enjoyment. I doubt whether it be not the best to do this with all sight-seeing." We agree with the English traveler and novelist in this view, provided the tourist



THE CITY HALL AND THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, DETROIT.

has ample time at his disposal. But there is nothing the American traveler usually begrudges more than time, and nothing in which he desires so much to economize.

It is, therefore, fair to suppose that the traveler has, by reading and study of the map, acquainted himself with the general, and to some extent with the local, geography and topography of Niagara Falls and vicinity. Whether he has or not, his observation from Falls View, on the Canada side, will be of material assistance by fixing the salient points securely in his mind.

Nor does it matter so much as in Trollope's time upon which side of the river the visitor shall take up his quarters. He said, "I would send Americans to the Canadian side, because they dislike walking; but English people I would locate on the American side, seeing that they are generally accustomed to the frequent use of their own legs." There is much force in this advice, although the conditions have been materially altered or modified since it was given. The construction of the suspension foot and carriage bridge across the chasm from Prospect Park, on the American, to a point near the Clifton House, on the Canada side, has made it easy to pass from one to the other. Still, there are considerable distances to be traversed, and, although Americans of both sexes are much better pedestrians than they were a generation ago, the visitor will find carriages necessary to reach the more distant points. But in the immediate vicinity of the Falls the visitor should trust to his own powers of locomotion.

The matter of location, therefore, becomes largely a question of convenience, and the visitor from the East will naturally stop in the town on the American side, making his choice between the great International, which has become a famous meeting place for conventions of



MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT AND THE RIVER FRONT, DETROIT

all kinds; the Cataract House, by the Rapids, still, as of old, a favorite resort; the Kaltenbach, quiet, of foreign aspect and unrivalled cuisine, or the Prospect House, English and aristocratic, removed from the Canada side near the Horse-shoe Fall, when the Queen Victoria Park was laid out. But he who comes from the West, if desirous of utilizing his time as much as possible, will find it equally convenient to leave the Michigan Central train at Niagara Falls, Ontario, and go down the steep paved street to the Clifton House, which stands in a commanding position on the edge of the cliff directly in front of the American Fall on one side and the Horse-shoe Fall in full view. In fact, no other building, unless it be the old stone museum building in the park, affords any such superb and beautiful views as one obtains from the windows and the broad verandas of the Clifton House.

THE CANADA SIDE.

Arrived, then, at the Clifton House, let us suggest that the time will not be wasted if the visitor seats himself near the corner of one of these broad, old-fashioned verandas until the hour for breakfast or for dinner, as the case may be, and leisurely scans the scenes before him. A good opera or field-glass will be found quite useful—scarcely less so, in fact, at Niagara, than a pair of stout, serviceable, comfortable shoes. And, indeed, these adjectives should apply as well to all garments. Keep, by all means, your fine clothes for the hotel



ACROSS THE RIVER. THE SLIP AT WINDSOR AND THE TRANSFER STEAMER.

parlors or dining-rooms, but wear such apparel in your drives and rambles that you need have no apprehension of ill results from sun, dust, or spray.

Your meal over, start out upon your explorations. Unless you are a good pedestrian, engage your carriage and make your bargain clear and distinct, that no difference may arise when you come to settle. And here let us say that the hackman of Niagara Falls has become a standard subject for the joker and alleged humorist, with the mother-in-law, the plumber, the ice-man, and the hotel clerk—and worn about as threadbare. The fact is that he is no more clamorous, persistent, or extortionate than his city brother—probably less so. His rates are limited by ordinances that are rigorously enforced by the authorities, and the visitor who cannot trust himself to make a bargain with him should not travel without a guardian. That the traveler may know what the rates and fees are, we give them on the following page.

But you do not want your carriage until you have reached the Horse-shoe Falls beyond Table Rock, for until you come to that point you want to proceed leisurely and stop at a dozen places as the desire may seize you. So instruct your driver to await you there and walk on through the gates and into the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park across the road.

Following the cliff walk you will not fail to stop a few moments at Ramblers' Rest, directly opposite the American Fall; Inspiration Point opposite the northern end of Goat Island, and again at Table Rock, at the very end of the Horse-shoe Falls. There is a constant variation in the views, but all are beautiful and grand. If the wind be from the east or south-east you will find yourself in a mist or rain of spray as you approach the Horse-



FALLS VIEW ON THE CANADA SIDE.

ADMISSION FEES, RATES AND TOLLS.

Cave of the Winds (with guide and dress),	. \$1.00
Inclined Railway (Prospect Park),	10
Inclined Railway (Prospect Park),	50
Museum (American Side)	50
Whirlpool Rapids (either side),	50
Whirlpool (either side),	50
Whirlpool (either side),	25
Crossing Railway Suspension Bridge (over and return), to cents. Extra, for two-horse carriage,	25
Ride in van around Goat Island,	10
Ride in van around Goat Island,	
continuing the ride in following vans,	25
"Maid of the Mist," from foot of Inclined Railway to Horseshoe Falls, landing on Canada side and return,	50
Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge Street Railway Company, from Soldiers' Monument, Niagara Falls, to	
Suspension Bridge, fare 5 cents.	
Dufferin Islands, pedestrian, 10 cents; carriage with occupants,	50
Round trip to the Whirlpool Rapids, Canada side, via Old Suspension Bridge and Horse-car line,	55
Round trip to Whirlpool Rapids, American side, via cars,	45
	55
RATES OF FARE ALLOWED BY LAW IN THE VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS, N. V.	
For the Use and Hire of Carriages where no express contract is made therefor.	
For carrying one passenger and ordinary baggage from one place to another in the village,	. \$0.50
Each additional passenger and ordinary baggage,	25
For carrying one passenger and ordinary baggage from any point in this village to any point in the village of	•
Suspension Bridge,	. 1.00
Each additional passenger and ordinary baggage,	50
Each additional piece of baggage, other than ordinary baggage,	12
Children under three years of age, free. Over three years and under fourteen years, half price.	
Ordinary baggage is defined to be one trunk and one bag, hat or bandbox, or other small parcel.	
For carrying one or more passengers, in the same carriage, from any point in this village to any point with	nin five
miles of the limits of the village, at the rate of \$1.50 for each hour occupied, except that in every instance whe	re such
carriage shall be drawn by a single horse the fare therefor shall be at the rate of \$1.00 for each hour occupied.	



A PASSING GLIMPSE AT THE AMERICAN FALL.

shoe Fall, but with the precautions we have suggested you will find this but a trifling annoyance. If the visit be made in the afternoon, as indeed it should, you will have the sun more or less at your back, lighting up spray and falling water with sparkling brilliancy and painting prismatic rainbows upon them. In fact, should your visit be made in the morning, we would recommend that this route be reversed and the walk from the Falls to the Clifton House be taken after dismissing the carriage at Table Rock.

Procuring a water-proof suit and a guide at the Table Rock House, you descend the hydraulic elevator to the river-side and pass behind the watery veil of the end of the Horseshoe Fall. The charge is but fifty cents, including attendance, and the experience a unique one not to be omitted. Standing just outside, the flood seems to pour down out of the very sky. Nowhere else, probably, does one gain such an idea of the heighth of the Cataract, for the view from above tends to dwarf the fall. Nowhere else is the fall more powerful to the senses. Passing within the cavern that the waters have excavated from the soft strata of crumbling shale beneath the hard ledge of lime-stone over which the Cataract pours, we see that it probably extends behind the entire fall, but at last a thin column of water falls across the path, preventing further entrance. With any reasonable amount of discretion, and the presence of the stalwart and experienced guide, there is really no danger, but one feels powerless in the presence of raging winds and waters. Professor Tyndall, who has penetrated as far as anyone, speaks of the buffeting of the air as indescribable, the effect being like actual blows with the fist, and Trollope's description is equally graphic.



THE AMERICAN FALL FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

Returning to the realms of daylight and the upper air, one finds the leisurely drive from Table Rock through the upper portion of the Queen Victoria Park a very delightful one, following the shore of the river along the raging, tumbling Rapids which descend fifty-five feet in three-quarters of a mile. Cedar Island, which wages a constant strife with the destructive flood, is traversed, and near the upper end of the Park, we come to a group of charming little islands that have been renamed in honor of Lord Dufferin. Here the carriage should be left for a beautiful view of the Rapids from the Cascades Platform, and a ramble through the woodland mazes and by the rippling waters of the islands. Just above the Dufferin Islands, on the main land, is the famous Burning Spring, whose waters emit sulphurated-hydrogen gas burning with a brilliant flame when ignited. One may spend whole days within the limits of the park without exhausting its beauties or its enjoyment.

A fine commanding view is obtained from the top of the bluffs, beyond the Dufferin Islands, termed Prospect Drive, from which you overlook the whole sweep of the river from Navy Island to the gorge below the Falls. To those who would see something more than the immediate vicinage of the Falls, and particularly the more distinguished historical landmarks, it will be interesting to continue the drive to the battlefields of Chippewa, three miles above Lundy's Lane, but a mile and a half west of the Falls. The return drive should be made by way of the bluff by the Roman Catholic convent and monastery overlooking Falls View, the magnificent and extensive view from which, with the sun in the western sky, should by no means be omitted.



THE HORSESHOE FALL FROM NEAR INSPIRATION POINT.

The river may be crossed to the American side by means of the ferry from the landing, under the cliff by the Clifton House, or by the Suspension Bridge near by. The bridge toll is twenty-five cents each and twenty-five cents extra for a two-horse carriage, and the fine views obtained in crossing make this means of transit very desirable. The drive down the river, however, which most of the way follows the edge of the cliff, two miles to the Suspension Bridge, is a very agreeable one, passing Wesley Park and affording interesting views from different points of the Falls, the river gorge, and the Cantilever and Suspension bridges, but the ride up the American side along a dusty street is not so pleasant.

THE AMERICAN SIDE.

The union depot of the Michigan Central and the New York Central & Hudson River Railroads at Niagara Falls, N. Y., is located on the corner of Falls and Second streets, but two or three blocks from all the principal hotels and but five minutes' walk from Prospect Park. Into it come through palace cars from Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo and Detroit over the former, and from New York, Boston, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo over the latter, as well as from Portland, the White Mountains, Norwood and Clayton over the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburgh Railroad in the summer season. Miller's carriages, omnibuses and transfer wagons are in attendance upon the arrival of all trains, and have fixed and stated



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

prices for all services. The hackmen are also there,—of whom Howells wrote in *Their Wedding Journey*, "I do not know how much of their content was due to the fact that they (Basil and Isabel) had suffered no sort of wrong there, from those who are apt to prey upon travelers, yet their actual experience was great reasonableness and facile contentment with the sum agreed upon." The visitor will also find at the entrances to the State Reservation, neat park phaetons which make the circuit for a fare of ten cents, or upon payment of twenty-five cents will issue the passenger a coupon ticket enabling him to stop over at the various points of interest en route. These will be found very convenient as cheap, yet we cannot too strongly reiterate that he who can do so should trust to his own legs as much as possible in the immediate vicinity of the Falls. You cannot get close to Nature unless your feet are on the earth.

The central point, and that from which you are to begin your intimate acquaintance with Niagara Falls, is Iris or Goat Island. Walk out on the State Reservation by the river bank opposite the Hotel Kaltenbach and see the American Rapids hurrying to the fall. How they plunge and rush and foam, like frightened steeds! Here you begin to appreciate the resistless power of the waters. How futile would be all human strength and effort here! As you walk on down the stream, past the Cataract House, the descent is greater, and the waters rush more swiftly, throwing high in air jets and masses of spray that glitter in the bright sunlight like drops of molten silver or of crystal. Here we come to the bridge leading to the islands, and, pausing after entering upon it, lean upon the upper railing and look the



THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE AMERICAN FALL AND BRIDGE, SISTER ISLANDS.

down-rushing torrent full in the face. It is beautiful, this clear, pure, cold flood that has come down from the depths of the great lakes—silvery white where shattered into foam, pale green verging into emerald in its deeper masses, dark and cold in its deeper shadows. It is wildly magnificent as we look far up the long incline and watch it dash wildly, impetuously, down to us, until we feel its motion, and fear for the bridge upon which we stand.

It is time to pass on, to cross Bath Island, where stood the paper mill, when the island was private property, and then over a narrow arm of the river to Goat Island, which separates the American from the Horse-shoe Fall. When first occupied, it was supposed to be nearly a hundred acres in extent, but the ice and frost and floods of a hundred years have worn away more or less from its western side, where of late years even the driveway has been encroached upon, and its present area is sixty-two acres. The greater portion is covered by fine old maples and elms, and smooth-trunked beeches bearing the scars of vandalism, whose wounds the kindly touch of Nature has healed. These cool, quiet forest aisles—silent but for the twitter and song of birds, the scampering of frisky squirrels and the music of the great cataract—are carpeted by a wonderfully varied flora, and one can readily imagine himself far from the busy haunts of man.

From the end of the bridge by which we come upon the island a road crosses to the Sister Islands on the western side, and two others diverge to the right and left to make the circuit of the island near its outer edge. Be not in too great haste to seek the greater and deeper mysteries of the great cataract. Turn, therefore, to the left and soon descend a steep



path to a clear, cold spring under the bluff, mid a tangled wilderness of trees and vines. The waters have washed away the loose earth, leaving the long roots curiously clinging, as if in terror, to the bare rocks to keep from being carried away by the insatiable rapids, charming glimpses of which we catch now and then as we follow the paths along the edge until we have mounted the bluff again into the open ground near the head of the rapids. We soon reach the head of the island, where the shoal water gently ripples over the gravel as if no thought of wild waywardness had come to it. Far above stretches the river, broad and smooth as a lake, with Grand Island in the distance.

Not far from the head of Goat Island, in the cool shade of the forest, we come to a bridge leading to the first Sister Island, beyond which is the second and the third, with swift rushing streams and beautiful cascades between, spanned by bridges, light and graceful enough in appearance, yet strong enough in reality. The trees upon them are gnarled and twisted as if by constant storm-struggles; the vines and undergrowth are wild and tangled; the rocks are bare, and worn by ice and flood for countless ages. From the outer one is gained, we think, the finest views of the Rapids, reaching away over to the Canada shore. At what seems to be but a short distance away is what is called Spouting Rock—not that there is any rock there, but the effect of the down-rush of the waters at that point, with probable collision of cross-currents, dashes the water on high, perhaps twenty feet or more, in a grand sheaf of spray that has induced the popular title. The charm and fascination of these little islands increase with every visit, and when the mind has been overburdened by the power, immensity and grandeur



of the Falls themselves, or by the sense of awful, remorseless violence that long contemplation of the Whirlpool Rapids produces, you will delight to repair to these wave-washed rocks and soothe the spirit by their cool shadows, the rushing and the sparkle of the rapids, and the distant music of the great cataract.

"But," to use Trollope's language, "we will go at once on to the glory and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the upper hell of waters." Recrossing the bridges to Goat Island we follow the road leading along near the edge of the bluff over-looking the Rapids until we come to the end or corner of the island, where a long flight of stairs goes down to the edge of the Horse-shoe Fall. This is sometimes called the Canadian Fall, but incorrectly, since the international boundary line follows the middle of the principal current. "From hence across to the Canadian side the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight. After stretching for some little way from the shore to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the flood, — in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horse-shoe is immeasurable, and that he can scarcely trace out the center of the abyss.

"Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye-control which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery you will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound is melodious, and soft withal, though loud as thunder. You will



not see the whole depth of the fall. That converging rush of waters may fall down into a hell of rivers for what the eye can see. It is glorious to watch them in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds; but with a fitful, flying color, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horse-shoe is like a tumult of snow. That which at first was only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use."

Climbing the stairs again from Terrapin Rocks to Goat Island you follow the path or drive along the cliff, from which you look down two hundred feet into the boiling and foaming waters below the Falls and across the chasm to the Canada shore, and at the northeast corner of the island come to another stairway descending to Luna Island. Standing at the top, or on a platform at an angle of this stairway, you overlook the American and Luna Falls, with the green background of Prospect Park and the village of Niagara Falls to the right. Directly in front the Suspension foot-bridge spans the chasm like a web of gossamer, and beyond it stretches the narrow gorge to the Cantilever Bridge in the distance.

The American Fall, shorn of its magnitude to some extent after seeing the other, is still by itself one of the greatest in the world and possesses peculiar beauties of its own. Being a few feet higher than the Horse-shoe, the depth and quantity of water that passes over it is



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.

not so great, and the deep emerald hues of the former are lacking here. Its irregular outline, however, is year by year approaching the horse-shoe curvature, and its most conspicuous feature is its gothic tracery of purest white as it seems to be broken into spray almost from the very edge. It is from this point, too, when you have the sun behind you, that you see, always one, often two, sometimes three rainbows at once, on the spray that rises from below, but painted with a clearness and a vivid strength of color that you have probably never seen elsewhere. You will not fail to go down on Luna Island and stand almost on the brink of the fall as it plunges into mid air.

Reascending the stairway you will perceive near by a little house, which forms the entrance to Biddle's Staircase. Arraying yourself in oilskins you descend this staircase to the rocks at the foot of Goat Island, whence you may pass behind the Luna Fall into the famous Cave of the Winds, and out upon plank walks that have been constructed on the rocks in front of the American Falls. You will be drenched and half blinded by the spray, but the experience will amply repay you for the necessary exertion and discomfort.

Returning to the main land by the bridge over which you came, you follow the river bank by the rapids, through Prospect Park, now admirably laid out and magnificently shaded by fine old forest trees, to Prospect Point, at the eastern extremity of the American Fall. From here and other points along the low stone parapet on the edge of the cliff, you get splendid views, not only of the fall at your feet, but beyond the rocky front of Goat Island, of the magnificent sweep of the great Horse-shoe. It is a panorama so extensive and grand



IN WINTER GARB. ICE MOUNTAIN, FOOT OF AMERICAN FALL, AND THE HORSESHOE.

in its proportions that you want time in which to take in the innumerable details and beauties and effects that make up the stupendous whole.

In a little house near by in the park you will gain entrance to an inclined railway, operated by water-power, and perfectly safe. You seat yourself in the car and a smooth and rapid descent brings you to the bottom of the cliff, in a building which protects you from the weather and the spray, and which also contains dressing rooms, in which you may clothe yourself in oilskins if you wish. Should the wind be in the right direction, however, you may climb the rocks at the foot of the American Fall without discomfort, and, looking up, see the great white flood pouring down as if from the very heavens.

Just below the foot of the inclined railway is the wharf of the Maid of the Mist. Seat yourself on her hurricane deck, shrouded in the oilskins that will now be quite familiar to you, and do not mind the gusts of wind that will blow from every direction and cover you with cool spray. Slowly the staunch little boat stems the boiling current, passing along the front of the American Fall and Goat Island until, through the whirling clouds of spray, you look up, far up, to the great emerald sheet that pours over the Horse-shoe. You see it for a moment, grand and beautiful in its mysterious environment, when the curtain of spray hides it again. You feel the boat struggling with the foaming waters and trembling as they boil up furiously under and around her. Then, as if seeking only to escape, she wheels about and flies down stream with the swift current, a landing is made on the Canada side, and the river is recrossed, with the slender threads of the Suspension Foot-bridge far above.



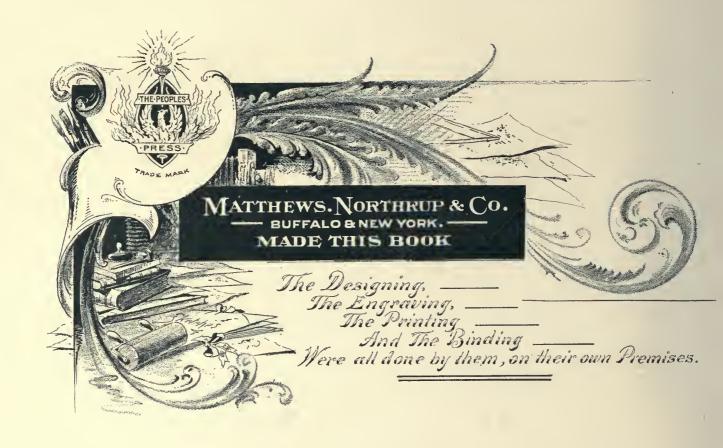
AMERICAN FALLS IN WINTER, FROM CANADA SIDE.

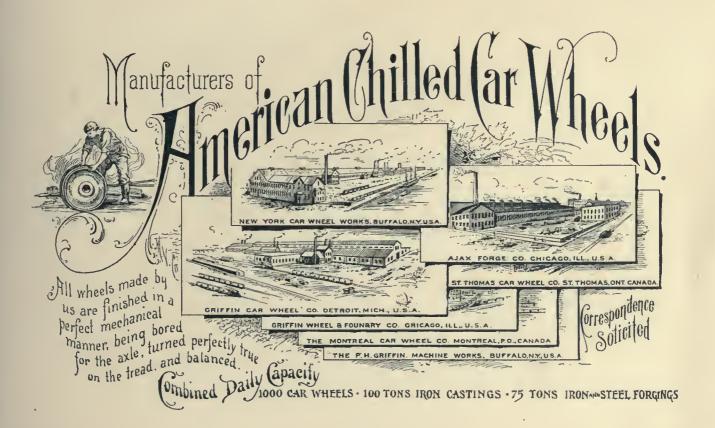
About two miles and a half below the Falls are the Whirlpool Rapids, scarcely less wonderful than the Falls themselves. They are seen to the best advantage from the American side, though the means of access on the Canada side are more convenient and agreeable. Here the river is so contracted that it is, as it were, on edge, its depth being greater than its width, and with such great velocity do the waters pour down the contracted channel that their elevation is some thirty feet higher in the middle than at their sides. Bigot compares the scene to the Danube at the Iron Gates, but says that in comparison with Niagara the Danube is but a peaceful rivulet.

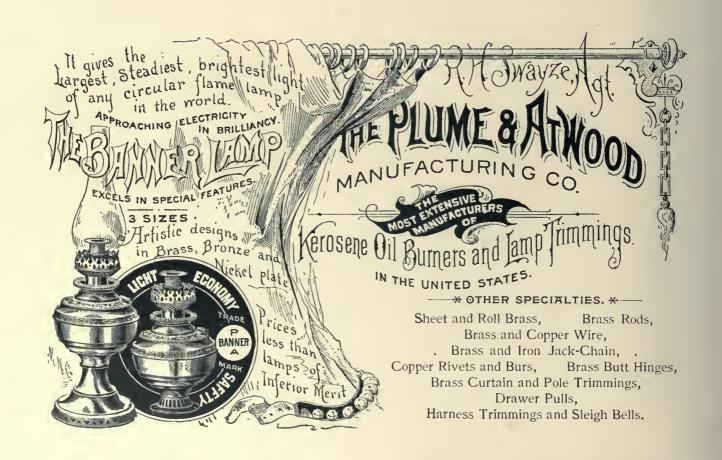
Still farther below is the Whirlpool itself, where the river makes a sharp angle to the right before flowing out of its rocky defile between Queenston and Lewiston. These points should be visited by the New York Central train to Lewiston, or the Michigan Central train on its Niagara Division to Queenston and Niagara-on-the-Lake, a delightful resort on the shore of Lake Ontario at the mouth of the river, where connection is made with fine steamers for Toronto.

In conclusion, let us say that it is a great mistake to hurry and hasten at Niagara. Every mile of the river from Buffalo to Fort Niagara is full of beauty, grandeur and picturesqueness. See all you can, therefore, and see much of it as often as you can, and so leisurely that your eye and mind may become thoroughly in accord with the spirit of nature in its many varied manifestations. And so will you carry away a wealth of memories that will enrich and delight your recollections forever.



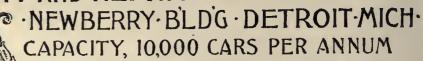












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